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THE BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS WELCOMED BY THE FUGITIVES AT FULTA.

THE INDIAN NABOB:

OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER LV.—EXPLANATIONS.

I SUPPOSE it was an inspiring sight. There were hearty cheers, I remember, and deafening
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salutes; and flags were flying and yards were manned; and there was a throwing up of hats and a waving of handkerchiefs along the swampy shore of the Hooghly, as our ships furled their sails and dropped anchor opposite Fulta. But all

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was lost upon me, Archie. I thought I had mastered my weakness. But I had not. It returned upon me there; and I was wretched enough.

Those waving hats and white handkerchiefs! Yes, there was Mason, no doubt, and there was Zillah: he exulting in his prize, and she—leaning on his arm, perhaps, and smiling in his face, as she had smiled on me once. For though I had warned her once and again of the character of this rival of mine, and in my last letter had denounced him as the successful duellist who had slain her father, was it likely that she would heed *my* warnings, or believe my unfounded accusations? Would she not rather attribute them to disappointed ambition and revenge?

Two or three hours passed away, and I remained in comparative solitude. All around and above was bustle and confusion. Sailors and their officers were busy in making all secure at their moorings; and the few civilians who had sailed in the same vessel were eagerly exchanging congratulations with friends and fellow countrymen. I alone seemed to have no share in these pleasures, or, what amounted to the same thing, had no desire to share in them; and I sat mournful and dejected, bitterly musing over the past, and gloomily anticipating the future, when a hand was laid on my arm, and a feeble voice fell upon my ear: "Welcome back to Fulta!"

I looked up, and in the shrunken, attenuated, stooping form before me, I could scarcely recognise my former gay, healthy, and robust fellow clerk, Staunton. But he it was.

"Yes, it is all over with me, Dare," he continued in a hollow voice. "The doctor tells me I must hope, and musn't give way, and all that sort of thing; but I know better. Ah! look at me; this will tell you what I am;" and he stripped up his coat sleeve, and bade me feel his arm. It was almost as fleshless as that of a skeleton.

"I wanted to see you before—before you know what," he went on; "but I was afraid I should not. But you are come back at last, and I am very glad, though you will be angry with me;" and the poor invalid sunk beside me on a bench, and covered his face with his thin, bony hands. Probably the exertion of passing from ship to ship in search of me, as I afterwards found he had done, had been too much for his weakened physical powers. I know not; but he panted sadly, and the thick rapid beating of his heart was distinctly audible and palpable, as I passed my arm around him to support him. I think but for this he would have fallen.

I tried to comfort and reassure him. "You have evidently been ill, Lewis," I said soothingly; "but you are surely better than when I last parted with you. Remember, you could not then raise yourself on your bed, and now I find you——"

He laid his hand on mine, and looked almost reproachfully in my face, so that I saw the gathering tears in his preternaturally bright dark eyes, while the deep crimson hectic spot on his cheek told of the ravages that fever had made and was making. He did not speak, nor was there need for him to tell me that he was slowly dying. The sufferings of that night in the Black Hole at Calcutta, and his subsequent exposure, had stricken the fatal blow, and there was no hope.

"Ah, you see it now," he gasped, as he observed. I suppose, the change of my countenance; "and I thank you, Dare, for not attempting to deceive me. They are all so false and so selfish here; and I wanted some one to speak to who would not be afraid to tell me that I am dying."

I grasped his hand. I could not speak; but I felt self-condemned at that moment, Archie, for the discontented and rebellious feelings which I had just before been nurturing. There was I, healthy and strong, yet plunging myself almost into despair because one earthly project had been crossed; and here was poor Staunton, doomed to an early death, far away from home and friends.

"I should not care so very much about it," he went on, in the same feeble desponding tone, "if it were not for my mother—my poor, poor mother!" And the tears, which till now he had restrained, poured down his wan, hollow cheeks unchecked. I was glad to see those tears, Archie, for they relieved his full heart.

"And it was you who brought me away from that dismal hut at Govindpore. I wanted to thank you for that act of charity," he continued, when a little more composed. "It would have been dreadful to have been left there to perish, as I should have done."

"It was only common humanity; pray do not think about it," said I.

"But that isn't what I wanted most to say; and it must come out," Staunton resumed. "That letter, Dare—the letter I wrote to you when you were up the country. What I told you in that letter was not true. That is, it was not all true: I mean about Miss Dalzell."

"There!" he continued, after a moment's pause, for I had not the power to speak, "I knew you would be angry; but you will forgive me, Hector; for I wrote what, at that time, I thought was true."

"You are only trying to deceive me now, Staunton," I said, when the tumult in my thoughts had a little subsided. "You mean it kindly, I dare say; but you are only trying to deceive me. Maazulla told me the same thing. I gave him your letter to read, and he confirmed what you said—that everybody in Calcutta looked on me as discarded, and spoke of the certainty of Zillah's marriage with——" I stopped short here; I could not bring myself to pronounce the name of my rival.

"With that scoundrel Mason," said Staunton; "yes, that was all true, and I was misled and deceived like the rest. But it was not true that Zillah encouraged him. Poor girl! she knew nothing about his pretensions, and villainies, and braggings. It was Mrs. L——, who, playing a deep and double game, tried to make all the world believe that Mason's visits were paid to Zillah—as perhaps they were—and that Zillah had transferred her affections; when, all the while, she herself was planning and scheming to make him her husband."

"Her husband! She herself! Staunton, who do you mean? What are you talking about?" I cried, in a kind of stupid amazement.

"Why, Mrs. L——, to be sure—poor Zillah's companion, you know. Oh, you can little imagine how cleverly she intrigued: but it is all come out now."

Mrs. L—— was the officer's widow, of whom I have before spoken, Archie, whom, from motives of compassion, Mr. Dalzell had taken into his house as Zillah's *gouvernante*.

I staggered as though stricken with a heavy blow; but my pride was not conquered. "You are dreaming wildly," I said; quietly and calmly I tried to speak, but my lips quivered: "you are telling me all this only to——"

Once more the almost nerveless hand was laid on my arm. "Look at me again, Dare, and tell me how long you think I have to live," whispered the poor dying young writer.

"I cannot tell; longer than I, perhaps," I replied.

"That may be, too; and yet I know that I am dying; and think you that I would burden myself with a lie *now*? I have too much already to answer for," said Staunton, with melancholy earnestness.

"But you need not take my word," he added. "You wrote to Zillah, the day before you went to Madras, and sent it by your moonshee."

"Ha! and how know you that?" I interposed.

"It does not matter, does it? But Maazulla himself told me; and he told me how poor Zillah received it; how she seemed as though smitten with sudden pain and agony. But it was more my fault than yours, Hector: if I had not slandered——"

"Go on, go on!" I exclaimed impatiently, when he stopped, evidently exhausted: "make me as wretched as you like, only tell me all: there is more to come."

"Yes, there is. I could not have told you more then, if I had been able to talk to you. But there were others who could. There was Baxter, who wanted you to go on shore with him."

"Ha!" I ejaculated again; "so you know that too. It seems," I added, scornfully and bitterly, I am afraid, "that my private affairs have been pretty freely talked about."

"Not more than those of others, Hector: you know that is the way out here. But you did refuse to go on shore with Baxter: and he says you insulted him; so he left you in ignorance of what he might have told you—that Miss Dalzell had, in her own good sense, found out the slanders and traps and intrigues of Mason and Mrs. L——, and had forbidden the Lieutenant her presence. She had treated him with the contempt he merited. If you had only gone on shore that evening, Dare, you would have known all this, and more."

"Stop, Hector; I have more to tell you yet," continued Staunton, when I hastily rose, and was hurrying out of the cabin to go whither, or for what purpose, I could hardly have explained. "It is of no use your looking after Mason, if you mean that. He is gone."

"Gone! well let him go; but what do you mean by gone?"

"Gone from Fulta—disappeared. The fact is, soon after you went to Madras, the affair made a noise. Zillah was very ill; and the cause of it came out, first by Mrs. L—— leaving the poor young lady almost without attendance in her distress; and then by Maazulla's speaking of having taken your letter to her; and the end of that was, that Mason was sent to Coventry by everybody

here. They wouldn't speak with him; and, what I dare say was worse to him, they would not fight with him either. In short, he was posted as a cheat and bully, as he is; and so one night he made a moonlight flitting of it, and has never been heard of since. It is supposed by some that he has gone over to the French at Chandernagore, or to the Dutch Factory; but nobody knows—nor cares," he added.

As faithfully as memory serves, Archie, I have recorded the substance of young Staunton's communication; but I cannot convey to your mind the solemn earnestness with which he spoke, and which carried conviction with every word he uttered; while, at the same time, his panting breath, hollow voice, and fever-flushed cheeks, bespoke the compassion and sympathy of his listener.

"You have more to tell me yet," I said, when he came to a pause: "there is more yet. Be merciful, and crush me at once; don't play with my misery. Zillah? what of Zillah? She was ill, neglected, deserted, you said. I understand your silence," I added, desperately; "but say it out, man: tell me at once that Zillah is dead, and that I am her——"

"No, no," cried he eagerly; "she recovered."

"Then I will go and seek her." I was about to rush hastily from the cabin, when my steps were again impeded.

"It is useless," said the young invalid, in a troubled voice; "you will seek her in vain. Zillah is not at Fulta."

"Not at Fulta!" I exclaimed; and my jealous suspicions returned.

"No, not at Fulta. It is a month since a Mahomedan soldier made his appearance here. He sought for you, Dare; and when he learned that you were not at Fulta, he found out Maazulla. He was taken at first for a spy, and was had up before the Governor; but he proved himself a true man. His name was Hassan, and he came from Mr. Dalzell."

"And was a messenger of evil tidings, I suppose?" said I gloomily.

"Yes; Mr. Dalzell, it seems, had been set upon by his servants, and was wounded, and would have been murdered but for this Hassan, who saved his life and assisted him to escape. He took refuge in some native fortress, and was safe under the protection of the Ameer; but, being ill, and not likely to live, he sent for you."

Archie, conceive my agony. "Go on, go on," I again groaned. "You were speaking of Zillah."

"True: Hassan found his way to Miss Dalzell. What passed, nobody can tell; but the next day Zillah also was missing, as also were Hassan and Maazulla, as well as Zillah's ayah. All that was ever heard of them was that they were seen in one of the smallest of budgerows, far up the river. When the Governor heard about it, he was at first vexed enough; but he said there was no mystery in it, for Zillah had doubtless gone in search of her grandfather."

This, Archie, was the substance of Staunton's disclosures; and every anxious inquiry I afterwards made only substantiated them: and I know not now, whether shame, grief, thankfulness, or fear predominated in my thoughts and feelings:

shame for my folly, credulity, and pride; grief for the sorrow I had caused to an innocent, confiding, and warm-hearted girl, of whom I had shown myself so unworthy; thankfulness that my abominable suspicions had been removed; and fear for Zillah's safety. I sought an interview the next day with the Governor, who might, perhaps, have enlightened me as to Mr. Dalzell's place of refuge, when no power or persuasions or commands would have prevented my hastening to him; but Mr. Drake was too busy with the Council, and Watson and Clive, in planning the coming campaign, to give me even an audience. I was therefore compelled to inaction; and it was a relief to my agitated mind to wait upon and comfort, if I could, my former fellow-clerk. I went with him to an encampment on shore, prepared for the sick of the fleet; and, being especially prepared for them, I need scarcely say that the most swampy and unhealthy spot in the neighbourhood had been fixed upon. The consequence was, that disease and death were rampant. Day by day I saw poor Staunton droop and fade. Had I been more angry with him for writing that fatal letter than I had any right to be, I could not have shown or expressed anger then.

Two days after the interview I have detailed, he was unable to leave his mattress, and I could do little but sit by his side and moisten his hot, parched lips with wine and water, or the juice of such preserved fruits as I could obtain from the natives. He talked to me of home and his mother. All his gaiety was gone: he had found, before this, that life and time were given for other purposes than chasing the bubbles of pleasure.

He had a Bible in a small chest, which by some means or other had been put on board one of the vessels before the rendering up of the Factory and Fort. It was the parting gift of his mother; but it had not been much used. In the days of his health and vivacity he had turned away from its warnings, invitations, and teachings; but he had turned to it in sickness. I hope and believe that his penitence and his prayers were sincere.

"Keep it for my sake," he whispered, when he was near dying; and he put the Bible into my hands. And I did keep it, Archie. I have it now. That little old-fashioned pocket Bible, the history of which I one day promised to give you—that Bible was Lewis Staunton's: his name is on the fly-leaf.

CHAPTER LVI.

CALCUTTA RETAKEN.

WHILE I was from day to day watching over the fluttering, decaying spark of life left to poor Staunton, the Council and leaders of the coming expedition were busily engaged in diplomacy; at least, letters passed between them and Surajah Dowlah's general (Monickchund) at Calcutta; and these failing of effect, hostilities were decided on. On the day succeeding poor Staunton's death and hurried burial, the entire English fleet left Fulta and sailed up the Hooghly. It was no unusual thing in India then, Archie, for the hand which had been trained only to the pen, to carry a musket; in other words, for writers, on occasions such as I am describing, to become soldiers; and it was in this capacity that I accompanied the armament.

I shall not encumber my memoirs with a particular account of this expedition. The histories with which you may make yourself acquainted will tell you, Archie, how the fortress of Buzbuzia, or Budgebudge, was captured; how, when the fleet arrived opposite Calcutta, a panic had stricken the general of Surajah Dowlah, so that he fled, with the greater part of his troops, to Hooghly, and left the town and fort an easy reconquest to their former possessors; and how, after this, our fleet and soldiers extended their victories to the strong fortified town of Hooghly, which fell into the hands of the English.

The same histories will tell you of the march of Surajah Dowlah to Calcutta with his great army, and the unsuccessful struggles he made to regain possession of his prey, with his subsequent return to his capital, and then of the renewal of negotiations. They will explain also the reasons which decided the commanders of our navy and army to attack and capture the Factory and Fort of our former French neighbours of Chandernagore. I doubted then, Archie, as I even more strongly doubt now, the right and honour of this proceeding; and it is with a feeling of shame and sorrow that I remember the personal though trifling share I had in that short conflict, which terminated in the unconditional surrender of the place, and the captivity of five hundred fellow-Europeans, who certainly had committed no overt act of hostility against us.

Neither does it occur to me, Archie, to justify the whole of the subsequent proceedings of our leaders. I am thankful that I am not a diplomatist, especially if it be true—as I have somewhere read—that it is one essential part of diplomacy to say one thing and mean another. Let it suffice, however, to refer you once more to the histories of that period, which will reveal to you the tangled skein of negotiations which for some months suspended the operations of our army, and in which, as it seemed to me at that time, Archie, so far as I was cognizant of them, the principal ingredient on all sides was insincerity—English bluntness and honesty being too far laid aside, as unfitted to cope with oriental craftiness.

In these negotiations—some open and some secret—you will learn that a great part was played by Omichund, who doubtless was a traitor, first to the English, by whom he had been protected and enriched, and then to the Subahdar; and who would willingly have betrayed both parties to any more powerful potentate who would have bidden for his services. Avarice was his ruling passion, and eventually it was his destruction.

To return from this digression. You may be certain, Archie, that the stirring events in which I had been engaged had not banished from my mind thoughts of Zillah and anxieties on her behalf. Cleared as she had been of all suspicion of unfaithfulness, I desired nothing more earnestly than to confess my own fault, and the insane delusion which had blinded my perception and clouded my feelings, and to cast myself on her generosity. You may be equally certain also that I spared no pains in endeavouring to trace her flight; but all inquiries and offers of reward to the poor natives who began to repeople Calcutta were vain: they

knew nothing of the Burra Beebee, nor of the moonshee Maazulla, nor of the Burra Sahib, Dalzell. Alas! they had endured hardships enough themselves, and had too many anxieties of their own to give ear to mine.

I bethought me again of the English Governor, who alone might perhaps direct me to Mr. Dalzell's place of refuge, nothing doubting that there also Zillah would be found. With difficulty I obtained an interview, and met with fresh disappointment. The poor man was, I believe, half distracted with the weight of cares and responsibilities pressing upon him. He had positively almost forgotten the name of his former colleague.

"Dalzell! Dalzell!" he repeated, dreamingly. "What about Mr. Dalzell? Who is he? Ah! I remember; I shall forget my own name next. Well, you have a message from Mr. Dalzell. Now, you see how busy I am, and—dear me!—ah! well, what does Mr. Dalzell say?"

Annoyed and surprised, I endeavoured to call to mind that Mr. Dalzell had been almost two years absent from Calcutta; that a messenger had arrived at Fulta from him, who had spoken of his having been deserted by his guards, and compelled to take refuge in some native fortress. I mentioned Zillah's disappearance also.

"True, the foolish wench! she married that fellow—what is his name?—Jason, or Mason, or something, did she not? and run off with him. Mighty foolish, poor child!"

What could I say, Archie, to such a man as that? I tried to set him right, however, and told him that I wished to discover the retreat of Mr. Dalzell, as he could not give me any information concerning it; and that if he would give me an order on the treasury for arrears of my pay, I would not trouble him further.

"Order, indeed! Dear me, young man! what are you talking about?" demanded he, with acerbity. "I shall do no such thing, sir; and I forbid you, sir, to leave Calcutta, sir. You will remember, sir, that I am governor, and if I hear of any running away from danger, sir, I shall put you under arrest."

A saucy retort rose to my lips, Archie, and I felt a strong temptation to tell this gentleman that at all events he had set the fashion of "running away;" but I resisted it, and, as meekly as I could, assured him that my object was one which would be more likely to place me in the way of danger, than to aid me in avoiding it. But my words were wasted: the gentleman went off on another tack. If I was so fond of danger, there would be plenty of that soon; we hadn't done yet with the Subahdar; and, meanwhile, I was to attend to my duties at the Factory, and to obey orders. And then, without waiting for any further remonstrance, he rose and left me to my own meditations.

I sought help and counsel in other quarters, but in vain; and it was with a feeling of relief that I heard of the determination of our military chief to march towards Moorshedabad, to enforce his claims by the power of the sword, or, as he said, to bring the Nabob to reason.

All now was renewed activity; and Clive, having mustered his troops at Chandernagore, we commenced our march on the 13th of June, 1757. I

may as well say here, Archie, that in our voyage from Madras I had happened to attract the notice of Colonel Clive, and that he now gave me a small subordinate appointment, partly civil and partly military.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

A CHAPTER FOR MOTHERS.

MANY are the endearing ways of children; and most precious are those which reveal the dawn of love in the young soul. Even before the wondrous faculty of speech is acquired, love-tokens are not wanting; and I scarcely remember a more touching tale of a mother's memories of her children than the picture Mrs. Judson has drawn of her infant son. Thus she describes him: "Our little darling boy is now laid in the silent tomb. Eight months we enjoyed the precious gift, in which time he had so completely entwined himself around his parents' hearts, that his existence seemed necessary to their own. He was a remarkably pleasant child; he never cried, but while in pain; nor ever, during his little existence, showed the least anger or impatience at anything. This was not owing to the want of intellect; for his tender feelings of sensibility most endeared him to us. Whenever his father or I passed his cradle without taking him, he would follow us with his eyes to the door, when they would fill with tears; and his countenance, so expressive of grief, though he lay perfectly silent, would force us back to him, which caused his little heart to be as joyful as it had been sorrowful." This sensitive little creature was of so loving a nature, that he would be content to lie for hours on his father's study-table or by his chair on the floor, if he could only see his face.

The mention of this reminds me of a pleasing little scene I accidentally witnessed some time since. I was walking, one summer morning, in a cross-way—half street, half road—where there was a carpenter's shed erected, near which lay some trunks of trees, which only a short time before had constituted the ornament of the lane. Seating myself upon one of them, I drew from my pocket a few tracts, intending to select one which I should judge most suitable to drop into the window of the workshop, the men having gone away for their dinner hour. Presently I heard the sound of children's voices approaching, and, from round a corner, came a little group, headed by a girl some ten or twelve years old, who ran up to the timber. I soon found they had come there to play at some game; and as I continued reading and took no notice of them, they commenced operations without loss of time, their log being just in front of the one I occupied. The elder of the three girls carried a baby in her arms, which was evidently the fondled pet of the party. I confess it looked to me a mere bundle of dirty rags, with nothing visible but a small insipid visage, by no means attractive. However, it was called "darling" and "little beauty," and kissed by each girl in succession, a small boy, who belonged to the group, coming in last for his share of the treat. "Let me take her now," cried the second biggest girl. This proposal was negatived at first, but she persevered, and at length gained her point;

for the bundle was transferred, with some apparent difficulty and jerking, to her arms. The rest then began the game, which seemed to be played with small pebbles. Just as preliminaries were arranged, the young nurse, who had been promeneading her charge about, came and sat down in a favourable position for watching the game. At that instant the elder girl looked up and exclaimed with energy, "Why, Marianne, if you haven't set that baby with her back this way. Turn her round this instant, I say; I can't play if I don't see her face!" I stayed long enough to see the request complied with, and, as I was rising to go, heard a fond blessing pronounced on "those dear little eyes." "Love speaks sweet things," I thought. "That would have been called a well-turned compliment had it been uttered by a youthful admirer."

"One's own hearth is of more worth than gold," says Miss Bremer; and among its sweetest and best joys is the love that there springs up between the young. There the hearts of brothers become knit together in indissoluble bonds, which all the after struggles and cares of life can never wholly sever. The recollections of the hearth about which they played cast a spell around them, even in the hour of temporary estrangement, and do more than all beside to heal divisions. A pleasing anecdote was told me by a friend, who is himself a devoted lover of children, and one whose quick sympathy with them invariably wins their little hearts. He was one day calling on a lady of his acquaintance, who, in answer to his inquiries after her children, said, "I must tell you what has just happened. Our dear eldest boy was not attentive to his lessons yesterday, and, on being reproved by his father, spoke rudely. It was necessary to punish him, and he was seriously remonstrated with. A little reflection convinced him of his fault, and early in the morning he came and begged to be forgiven. His father gladly listened to his acknowledgment and regret, and with a joyful heart pronounced his forgiveness, which was sealed with a kiss. Our youngest little one, who is exceedingly fond of his brother, just at that moment ran up, and seeing the embrace and entering with full heart into its meaning, lisped out, 'Kiss him again, papa; kiss him again!' Dear little fellow! I found he had cried himself to sleep the night before, because his brother was in disgrace. I wish you could have seen the loving eagerness of his baby face, when he stretched out his arms and drew close together his father's and his brother's cheek, kissing each in turn, for joy that they were reconciled."

This is a chapter for mothers alone, or such little incidents might seem too trifling to be recorded, but I do not think they will appear so to those for whom they are intended. The following touching narrative is of recent occurrence, and affords a very remarkable example of courage and heroism in a child.

A short time ago a terrible railway accident occurred in Canada. The train from Toronto was proceeding on its way to Hamilton, one afternoon in the month of March, carrying no fewer than ninety passengers. It had proceeded at its usual rate when, just as it approached a lofty swing-bridge, across a canal, the engine ran over the

line, and, cutting through the timbers of the bridge, broke down the whole structure, which gave way with one frightful crash. Engine, tender, and cars, with their living freight, were instantly precipitated headlong into the yawning abyss, some sixty feet below. Numbers met an immediate death; and of those who escaped alive, many were terribly injured. The scene that ensued baffled description; fires and torches blazed through the thick gloom, throwing their lurid light over the shattered remnants that lay, in piled-up ruins, at the bottom of the deep slope leading to the canal. Ropes were lowered and ladders fixed, upon which the dead and wounded were drawn up. The water was covered with ice, about two feet thick, and it was necessary to hew it away with axes, in order to extricate the cars. There were many who laboured with vigour and energy; and, up to a late hour the next day, numbers of men were employed in breaking up the cars, and working with hooks and grapples to recover the bodies of the deceased from the water. Several corpses were carried to a small house, near the fatal bridge; among the rest a whole family—father, mother, and three children. One of the little ones, a girl of about four years, was smiling prettily, as if she had been sleeping and dreaming of sweet things when the accident occurred, and had been launched into the long sleep of death before her dream had vanished from her mind.

A woman, who lived close by the scene of the disaster, and who was one of the first to witness it, gave an account of two children, who in a marvellous manner escaped destruction. At the first moment of alarm she rushed down the hill to the cars; indeed, the poor creature literally rolled down, for the descent was so steep and slippery, she could not keep her feet. The first object that met her attention when she scrambled up, was a little girl, about eight years of age, who stood shivering on a cake of ice. The good woman was about to lift her up, but she cried, "Oh! don't mind me; pray save my poor little brother;" and she pointed to him, standing at that moment, with his chin barely above the water, at the top of one of the windows, weeping bitterly, and begging some one to come and drag him out. Though the ice was broken for some distance round the car, the woman managed to reach him, and having rescued him from his perilous situation, rushed up the hill, bearing him in her arms, and followed by one of the passengers, whom she got to carry the little girl on his back, though he was himself badly wounded.

I will add but a few words to this chapter. Does the mother keep in remembrance the innocent sayings of her young charge? Let her remember that there is, on their part, a similar tenacity of memory. Her words, as well as her actions, are carefully observed and weighed in their little minds; and many a thing she has spoken is laid up, as seed, to germinate there in after years. How powerful and abiding is the influence thus exerted! Not a tithe of these instances comes to the knowledge of those beyond the family circle; but now and then an example is recorded. Such an one occurs to me at the moment. A little boy was sitting on his mother's

knee one day when she was speaking, with an overflowing heart, of the great work of Christian missions to the heathen. She talked, in glowing language, of Eliot and Brainerd and many others who had preached the gospel to the benighted idolaters, and, filled with enthusiasm, she at length exclaimed, bending over the child she held in her lap, "I have consecrated this, my son, to the service of God as a missionary." The words made a lasting impression on his mind, and the first indication of true piety he ever gave was this remark (made in the winter of 1802), that "he could not imagine any way in which to spend his days that would prove so pleasant, as to go and make known the gospel of Christ to the heathen." At that time he was nineteen years of age, and from that period his desire was to become a missionary. At length the wish became so ardent, that he spoke of it to his parents, and sought their consent. His mother said, "I cannot bear to part with you, my son." Then he repeated to her those words she had uttered in his hearing when a child. Her only reply was tears. She felt that she could not draw back and withhold her Samuel from the work of the Lord. The sacrifice was made, and he dedicated himself to the cause he loved. His earthly course was but a short one; but ere he died he had done much for the conversion of the world, and his mother's words had proved the seed of a rich harvest.

OUT-DOOR LIFE IN CHINA.

DURING the operations of our fleets and armies in China, public curiosity is naturally directed to that part of the world. The British public know less of the Chinese than of any other civilized people on the face of the globe, although there is a great deal of information scattered through various works, which, from their bulk and expensiveness, are not available to the general reader. We have thought it right, therefore, to cull from works of this kind some phases of the domestic and social customs of this singular race, which can hardly fail to be interesting at the present period. The following brief sketches, in connection with the accompanying illustrations, may serve to put the reader in possession of some curious details of Chinese life observable in the streets and highways of the country.

GAME OF SHUTTLECOCK.—The Chinese children are remarkably expert in many of the games they play, and their adroitness in this respect has been a theme of praise among most European travellers who have visited the country. The game of shuttlecock, as is seen in the engraving, is played by the boys of Canton with the feet, and not with the hands. The form of the Chinese shoe is well adapted for the purpose, being invariably broad at the toe, and having a considerable surface turning upwards. The shuttlecock is made in a different manner to the one used in Europe—it is much heavier, being loaded with some few of the small copper coins of the country, and it carries much less sail, the feathers being shorter, fewer, and arranged more closely together; the result is, that it is not likely to be carried away with the wind, and may be struck with more precision. The picture shows two shuttlecocks in the air at once; but that is comparatively an easy and simple game;

two Chinese boys will often keep five of them in motion at once, and that for a considerable time; it is forbidden by the rules of the game to touch them with the hand; all have to be struck by the foot, and it must require no small share of dexterity thus to prevent a succession of them from falling to the ground. Sometimes the game, instead of being played in couples, is played by a large party of boys arranged in a circle. A portion of Lord Macartney's embassy came one day upon a company of boys thus amusing themselves; they had no rackets, and were not allowed to touch the flying toys with their hands, yet, to the no small amazement of the Europeans, they kept a shower of them in motion, crossing each other in constant and rapid flight, by administering a smart kick to each at the moment when it seemed touching the ground. English boys would hardly have the perseverance necessary to attain such skill in a childish game; and if they had, they would do well to apply it to a more profitable use.

THE MEDICAL MAN.—Although the Chinese professors of medicine are neither physicians nor anatomists—although any person may exercise the profession without submitting to a previous examination—and though all their learning is limited to a knowledge of the virtues of certain plants, and their skill to the art of feeling the patient's pulse—there are yet many excellent observers among them, whose cures would astonish the most able practitioners of Europe. Their physiology recognises two principles essential to life—the *vital heat*, which they place in the intestines, and the *radical humour*, which resides in the principal organs, as the heart, the liver, the lungs, etc. Their theory of pulsation is all the more curious, that the treatise which serves as their authority was composed some centuries before the Christian era; and there is every reason to believe that they were acquainted with the circulation of the blood long before it was known in Europe. They profess to judge of the state of the patient, and the nature of his malady, by the colour of his skin, his eyes, by the sound of his voice, and by inspecting his tongue, his nostrils, and his ears. Without asking a question, they will point out the seat of disorder after feeling the pulse, will say where the pain is located, and will declare in what manner, and when, the disease will terminate. Their dealings with a patient are of a singular kind. The moment the doctor arrives, he lays hold of the sufferer's arm and retains it in his grasp for nearly an hour: at first he presses the wrist with great force, then relaxes the pressure, until the blood, stopped in its flow, resumes its ordinary course; he then follows the pulsation with his fingers up towards the elbow until it ceases to be sensible to the touch, and, by experiments of this kind often repeated, forms his judgment of the case. One thing is certain: the Chinese doctor often cures in cases apparently desperate; hence the question has arisen—Is it possible that, by thirty centuries of observation upon living nature, they have acquired experience more valuable than that which our own professors have derived from their dissections of the dead subject?

PUNISHMENT OF THE CANGUR.—This punishment may be compared to that of the pillory as it formerly existed in England, with this difference,

however, that with us the delinquent endured it but for a few hours on a fixed spot, whereas, in China, a malefactor is often condemned to carry his pillory about with him for months or years. In aggravated cases a criminal is pilloried not only by the neck, but also by one hand, or even by both. In this latter case he is unable to carry his hand to his mouth, and must speedily perish by famine, but for the compassion of the public or the prompt interference of his friends, who are allowed to ameliorate his condition in any way they choose, short of releasing him from his horrible harness. A thief is made to undergo this punishment for three months. For slander, fraud, malversation and rioting, the sentence is but for a few weeks; and fraudulent debtors are sometimes seen who have to carry their burden until they have liquidated their debts. When a criminal is harnessed with this weight of infamy, it is always in presence of the judge, who affixes his seal to the cangue in such a manner that an attempt at release would destroy it. At the same time, the sentence, with the name of the criminal, the crime he has committed, and the duration of his punishment, are inscribed in legible characters upon a tablet nailed to the back of the head-board. It is plain that a poor wretch thus dealt with and turned adrift would soon perish if left to total neglect, but in fact his class are generally ready to take him in hand, and they not only contrive that he shall sleep when he needs repose, and that all his wants shall be supplied, but they will relieve him from the burden of the heavy weight he carries by submitting their own shoulders to the load. When the time of his penance has elapsed, the sufferer can only be relieved in presence of the judge who has inflicted the chastisement—who generally consummates it by a thrashing with a bamboo rod, and an exhortation to behave better for the future.

NIGHT WATCHMEN.—The internal police of the Chinese cities is so well organized, that any quarrelling or tumult that occurs during the day is quickly appeased, and it is only by night, and then very rarely, that serious disturbances arise. Every town has its gates, every street its barriers; at the close of day the city guard stops any suspected person, the street barriers are shut, and as the night advances the horse patrol commence their beat round the ramparts. The Chinese watchmen are at their post from nine at night to five in the morning. At the corner of each street stands a sentry-box for their use, commanding a view of the converging ways. From this box the watchman starts, returning when he has met his comrade half-way. Each man carries a lantern inscribed with his name and the quarter to which he belongs; he bears also with him a hollow bamboo, on which he strikes the hours and half hours; like all the low-class Chinese he travels bare-legged. He questions every one he meets, and unless satisfied with their reply, takes them off to the guard-house, of which there is one in every principal street. It is but rarely that the military, who are there to aid the watchmen in case of need, are called in for assistance. Every quarter and every street has its censor, who is responsible for the peace of his district. This he insures as far as he can by making each head of a family responsible

for all its members, servants as well as children. As the Chinese law gives a father absolute right over his children, whatever be their age, he is supposed to have sufficient authority over them to prevent all breaches of the peace. Among the Chinese citizens, a scandal is attached to the bare fact of being abroad after nightfall, and persons of respectability rarely move out of doors unless under the pressure of some extraordinary motive, such as sickness at home or very urgent business abroad. It is a maxim with them, that the night was made for repose and the day for labour.

THE BEGGAR.—Vagabondage and mendicancy are submitted to such strict surveillance in China, that very few persons, unless they be priests, dare to solicit alms of the public. A man must be a bonze, or belong to some religious order, to be able to beg with security. The beggar who is not thus authorised, is compelled to carry on his back a kind of scutcheon, inscribed with certain facts of his personal history; thereon he must state the causes of his destitution, must show why he is unable to get his living, and that he has neither child nor relative to support him. If he had relatives, the law would compel them to take care of him; and if he had children, however poor they might be, they would be compelled to award him a share of their earnings.

The stringent laws cannot, however, enforce the obligations of morality, and the wretched subject in the engraving is a proof of that. He is one of those miserable victims who has been purposely crippled by his parents, in order that his misfortune might assure to him the benevolence of the public, and then abandoned to their compassion. This barbarous practice prevails to a great extent, and it is all the more successful because among Eastern peoples bodily defects and deformities are so rare, and are considered so afflicting, as to excite almost universal sympathy.

The religious beggar, or bonze, goes from door to door chanting a sort of hymn; he accompanies his chant by thumping vigorously upon a hollow pear-shaped ball of wood, which emits a booming and rather dolorous note. His head is bare, and shaved in every part, and he demands alms in the most suppliant posture. He carries on his back a painted tablet, setting forth the sect to which he belongs and the temple at which he officiates. As he is kneeling more than half his time, he takes the precaution to attach to each knee a rather solid species of pad, made of Indian cloth and stuffed with cotton, which serves to mitigate the hardness of the stones.

THE BARBER.—If the literature of China is to be credited, the only change which the Chinese fashions have undergone during the course of forty centuries has been limited to the heads of the males. At that remote period the practice of shaving the head was forced upon them by the Tartars, who with fire and sword compelled them to adopt the innovation. Whether we accept this version of the affair or not, the fact is that the male head in China is universally shaved, and no difference is to be discerned in this respect between the emperor himself and the humblest artisan. The whole head is shaved, with the exception of a small circle at the back part, and there the hair is allowed to grow to whatever length it will. It



is this back hair which forms the Chinaman's distinguishing appendage; it grows sometimes to the length of four or five feet, and it is universally plaited with care and fastened at the end with a ribbon: the gentleman wears it streaming behind him, but the common people wind it round their bodies, or in a coil on their heads, that it may not embarrass them in their work. The barber of China, like most other celestial industrials, travels from place to place, bearing with him the implements of his profession. He will shave a customer in the open air, at the door of his cottage, or on the deck of his floating habitation on canal or river. In addition to shaving the head, he shampoos his customer, eradicates superfluous hair, trims the eyebrows, and cleanses the ears. Looking to the fact that no Chinaman can by possibility shave himself, and that each and all have a considerable surface to be shaved, the trade of the barber must be pretty extensively followed, and can be no sinecure. He is compelled by law not to waste the spoils of his razor, but to consign them periodically to the collectors of manure, in order that, like everything else in China which is applicable to the purpose, they may be applied to the fertilization of the land.

DUCK BREEDERS.—The Canton River, above the Bogue Forts, expands to a great width, the banks being in some parts as much as five or six miles asunder. Towards Whampoa it narrows again, and a little below that village divides itself into two branches, from which numerous streams and canals run in all directions through miles of paddy fields. On these waters, thousands of families dwell in boats, which are their houses and homes day and night. Not less than two hundred thousand people are thus domiciled—the men going on shore to work at any employment they can obtain, while the women ply for passengers in small row-boats, thus performing the part of water-men. Many of this amphibious race gain their livelihood by breeding and rearing ducks for the market; which business they carry on upon a large scale in rowing-boats built for the purpose. These boats have on each side a compartment of basket-work resting on the water, and here the ducks are housed during the night. In the morning they are liberated, and sent forth to forage for their maintenance in the lakes, shallows, and marshes. Each flock knows its own boat, and returns at the signal of its owner. The man, standing on a platform on deck, whistles back his feathered family, who may be seen, at the sound of the well-known call, paddling with all speed in long flocks towards their nightly resting-place. The appearance of the English fleet, in 1841, among this vast floating population, feathered and unfeathered, was the unwelcome signal for a universal break-up of their establishments. The consternation was general, and the flight instantaneous. The poor duck merchants had to find a safer mooring and new pastures for their docile broods. They retired into the narrow channels and creeks of the river: but their fears were greater than the danger; they suffered no serious molestation, and they hastened back to their old quarters as soon as they were rid of the "barbarians."

FROG FISHING.—The poorer classes of the Chinese are by no means particular in their diet;

we need not be surprised, therefore, to see them fishing for frogs, which even in luxurious France are accounted a delicacy. The engraving shows the manner in which the frogs are caught—being first enticed to the surface by a fire burning in a wire brazier, suspended from a pole. They are easily dipped out and deposited in the basket, which the fisherman carries at his girdle. But frogs are not the only denizens of the pool of whom the Chinaman will make a prey and a dinner. Sometimes he carries a long scoop at the end of a pole, with which he shovels the mud from the bottom, turning up newts, efts, minnows, eels or water-snakes; all is fish that comes to his net, and out of almost anything that lives he will concoct a soup for his supper. The extreme poverty of the lower class Chinese is shown in nothing so forcibly as in this matter of diet. Rats, mice, even moles, are offered for sale in the streets and markets, and animals which are accounted vermin with us, stand in the place of butcher's meat to the poor dweller in Pekin or Canton. The flesh of the dog is accounted a delicacy even by the better classes, and it rarely falls to the lot of the poor, unless the animal be old or tough, or have died a natural death, in which latter case the poor Chinaman makes no scruple of eating him: indeed, animals of all kinds, dying either of disease, famine, or old age, are gladly devoured by the Chinese populace, who seem to have no very particular prejudices in favour of killing their meat. The cat, as an article of diet, is equally in favour with the dog, and the young of either animal is an essential dish at banquet or festival. Fat blind puppies, and plump kittens, are hawked about in baskets, as ducks and chickens are with us, from door to door, and they are bred and reared in large numbers with a sole view to such a market. So far as the dog is concerned, the Chinese are not singular in selecting him as an article of diet; the Greeks made porridge of Ponto, and the Romans relished a dish of sucking pups.

GOVERNOR WALL.

It is more than half a century since the trial of Governor Wall took place, and more than seventy years since the offence was committed for which he suffered. The case is consequently now little known; but as it is interesting, and caused much excitement in its day, we propose to present a brief account of it.

The Island of Goree, on the west coast of Africa, is very unhealthy, and marked by the prevalence of very bad fevers. To be sent there, therefore, even as governor, is not desirable to an officer, and, at the time of which we write, was regarded as a degradation to a common soldier. The garrison consisted chiefly of what was called the African corps, composed partly of negroes, while a great proportion of the white soldiers in it had been drafted there as a punishment: they were, in short, the refuse of the army.

This corps, with a company of artillery, formed the garrison in 1782, when Colonel Joseph Wall—an Irishman of very respectable connection—was governor. His duty as such was just terminating

when the circumstances occurred which led to his trial and condemnation. The soldiers had not long before been put on short allowance of provisions, and it was the rule when that was done to give them an addition to their pay. This had been permitted to get into arrear, and as the soldiers understood that the Paymaster, who was responsible for it, was to leave the island along with the Governor, they were naturally anxious to have it before his departure. On the day, accordingly, which preceded that departure, a considerable number of them were observed by the Governor going towards the Paymaster's quarters, and among these a sergeant, called Benjamin Armstrong, was prominently active. The Governor stopped them, and asked what they meant, when he was respectfully told by Armstrong that they were going to demand a settlement of their arrears. He desired them to return to their barracks, expressing disapprobation of their movements, and slightly menacing them with punishment, but adding that he would take the matter into consideration. He having in the meantime, however, made no communication to them, they were proceeding, in an hour or two afterwards, in the same way to the Paymaster's, when they were again stopped by the Governor, who called out Armstrong from among the rest, and spoke with him; the result being that they went back a second time to their barracks. The Governor appears now to have got alarmed; and shortly afterwards the whole garrison were, by beat of drum, ordered to parade and to form a circle. The Governor and a few officers of the corps were inside of it, and after they had held a short consultation, a gun-carriage was sent for and drawn in. Armstrong was desired to come out from the ranks to the centre, and told by the Governor that as his conduct had been mutinous, he was to receive eight hundred lashes. He stripped on being desired to do so, was bound to the carriage, and got the full punishment, which was inflicted, not as is usual, by regimental drummers, but by negroes of the island (not soldiers), and not by the ordinary instrument of military punishment, the cat-o'-nine-tails, but with a rope of an inch in thickness. The Governor attended during the punishment, and abated no part of it, though Armstrong begged for mercy and expressed contrition. One witness swore that Wall urged the negroes to severity by threats expressed in brutal language; but this witness was not confirmed in that part of his evidence.

On receiving the punishment, Armstrong was reconducted to the barracks, where, after five days of suffering, mortification ensued, and he died. On the day of the infliction of his brutal chastisement, two soldiers were next subjected to the same ordeal, and both of them also died from the consequences. These punishments had been inflicted on the 10th of July, and on the 11th the Governor, accompanied by the Paymaster, sailed for England, leaving a successor in command.

On Wall's return to this country, he was arrested on a charge of murder, but escaped to the continent, and lived there for some years. Part of this time was spent at Naples, where he was much countenanced by some Englishmen of rank, by which he was probably led to believe that the

public indignation against him had subsided. This, and the supposition that few witnesses survived who could testify against him, or that they were scattered through the world out of reach, induced him at last to return. Shortly before his surrender, he came to Calais with that intention, and meeting there a British king's messenger, he desired to be taken by him into custody, which, however, the messenger declined, but recommended Wall to intimate his intention to the Secretary of State, and offered to carry the letter. As a tempest was raging at the time, so that the ordinary packets would not sail, the messenger, whose despatches did not brook delay, had to hire a vessel for himself, and Wall was still solicitous to go with him. This being peremptorily refused, Wall wrote to the Secretary of State, but when he tried to sign the letter he hesitated, turned pale, and threw down the pen. The vessel bearing the messenger was wrecked on the passage, and all on board perished.

About a twelvemonth afterwards, Wall came to England, and lived for some time at Lambeth, under a feigned name. While there, masons being employed about his house, he observed to one of them that a young lad, who worked with them, appeared too delicate for the employment. The man assented, but said—what must have cut Wall to the heart—"I have no other means of supporting the lad, as he is quite friendless, for his parents are dead, and his only brother was flogged to death at Goree by that monster Governor Wall."

At last, surrendering himself, he was tried at the Old Bailey, on the 20th of January, 1802. The case is fully reported in the 28th volume of Howell's "State Trials," and to it we refer such of our readers as wish to see the evidence in detail. Considering Wall's position, in the midst of a garrison of disreputable general characters, there was, as was admitted for the Crown and impressed on the jury by the Judge, more than the usual excuse for his getting alarmed, and taking strong measures for the suppression of an insubordination which seemed to border on mutiny. He received, besides, a high character for general humanity from several most respectable witnesses, and there were not wanting extenuating circumstances in his favour. For example, the cat-o'-nine-tails had been destroyed by the soldiers in the barrack-room, and the drummers were known to be disaffected. The evidence of the principal witness against him, too, was of a prejudiced character, while a witness whom he had summoned as exculpatory, dropped suddenly dead as he was entering the court.

On the other hand, however, the evidence in his favour was not of a good general description. He entirely failed to prove that any court-martial had been held on the accused, or any opportunity given him of stating his defence; and the destruction of the ordinary instrument of punishment did not justify Wall in using the cruel substitute of a thick rope, every blow of which produced a bruise and extravasation of blood. There was, in short, in his whole conduct, a recklessness of life which admitted of no valid excuse. Though he pled also his dread of mutiny, he had made no report on that subject at the time to his superiors at home,

as he naturally would have done had his belief been sincere; and the fact of his having so long delayed to give himself up to justice, after he had surreptitiously evaded it, evinced his sense that his conduct would not bear investigation.

Concurring, therefore, as we do, in the propriety of the verdict of guilty, we own that some part of the procedure at the trial perplexes our views of fairness. The culprit was confessedly very deaf; yet his request to the Judge to be allowed to leave the bar, and come to a part of the court where he could hear what went on, was refused, as being contrary to precedent, though, not very long before, Horne Tooke, at his trial, had been permitted that indulgence. The jury were addressed, for the Crown, in an able speech by the Attorney-General (afterwards Lord Ellenborough); but, according to the indefensible rule which then existed, no counsel was permitted to address them for the prisoner. He was, indeed, allowed himself to read a written defence, which, however, must have been very insufficient to counteract the able speech of a practised lawyer; and there is something painfully inconsistent in the fact, that while the prisoner was placed under these serious disadvantages on the one hand, the indictment, on the other, was scrupulously precise in technicalities, such as that the rope consisted of five hempen parts, of the value of one penny respectively, and other similar absurdities.

The jury were absent from court for half an hour, to consider their verdict, and on their return the culprit bent eagerly over the front of the dock to hear it. On its being pronounced, he drew himself upright, lifting his hands and raising his eyes in apparent astonishment, commending himself at the same time to God in silent agony. On being asked what he had to say why he should not receive judgment of death, he answered only: "I pray for a few days to prepare myself."

As he had powerful friends, and as the case involved a question of discipline, much exertion was made to save him, and he was twice respited; but his execution at last took place on the 28th of January. In the meantime, the greatest excitement prevailed. Various editions of the trial were published, and very inexcusably, while the question of his life or death was still under consideration; the whole of London was placarded by the publishers, with prints of the transaction, headed by the offensive words which one of the witnesses swore he had used during the punishment of Armstrong. The unhappy man and his wife took an affecting leave of each other on the day before the execution.

An intelligent writer has preserved some interesting reminiscences of the closing scene, which, even after the lapse of more than half a century, will be read with painful interest:—

The late Duke of Roxburgh, whose wonderful library will ever be spoken of with the highest delight by bibliomaniacs, had an attachment to the portraits of malefactors as closely as Rowland Hill to his petted toad. I made many drawings of such characters for his Grace during their trials or confinement; that which I made this year was of Governor Wall, whose trial produced much discussion. Having been deprived of admission at the Old Bailey on the day of his trial, I went to the duke, and he immediately wrote to a nobleman high in power, for an order to admit me to see the unfortunate criminal in the condemned cell, which application was firmly and, in my humble opinion,

very properly refused. I walked home, where I found Isaac Solomon waiting to show me some of his improved black-lead pencils. Isaac, upon hearing me relate to my family the disappointment I had experienced, assured me that he could procure me a sight of Governor Wall, if I would only accompany him in the evening to Hatton Garden, and smoke a pipe with Dr. Ford, the ordinary of Newgate, with whom he said he was particularly intimate. Away we trudged; and upon entering the club-room of a public-house, we found the said Doctor most pompously seated in a superb masonic chair under a stately crimson canopy placed between the windows. The room was clouded with smoke whiffed to the ceiling, which gave me a better idea of what I had heard of the black-hole of Calcutta than any place I had seen. There were present at least a hundred associates of every denomination; of this number, my Jew, being a favoured man, was admitted to a whispering audience with the Doctor, which soon produced my introduction to him. "Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark our fortunes meet us." Standing beneath a masonic lustre, the Doctor immediately recognised me as a friend of John Ireland, but more particularly of his older crony Atkinson Bush; he requested me to take a pipe, to me a most detestable preliminary. He then whispered, "Meet me at the felon's door at the break of day." There I punctually applied; but, notwithstanding the order of the Doctor, I found it absolutely necessary, to protect myself from an increasing mob, to show the turnkey half-a-crown, who soon closed his hand and let me in. I was then introduced to a most diabolical-looking little wretch, denominated "the yeoman of the halter," Jack Ketch's head man. The Doctor soon arrived in his canonicals, and with his head as stiffly erect as a sheriff's coachman when he is going to court, with an enormous nosegay under his chin, gravely uttered, "Come this way, Mr. Smith." As we crossed the press-yard a cock crew; and the solitary clanking of a restless chain was dreadfully horrible. The prisoners had not risen: Upon our entering a stone-cold room, a most sickly stench of green twigs, with which an old round-shouldered goggle-eyed man was endeavouring to kindle a fire, annoyed me almost as much as the canister fumigation of the Doctor's Hatton Garden friends. The prisoner entered. He was Death's counterfeit—tall, shrivelled, and pale! and his soul shot so piercingly through the port-holes of his head, that the first glance of him nearly petrified me. I said in my heart, putting my pencil in my pocket, "Heaven forbid that I should disturb thy last moments!" His hands were clasped, and he was truly penitent. After the yeoman had requested him to stand up, "he pinioned him," as the Newgate phrase is, and tied the cord with so little feeling, that the Governor, who had not given the wretch the accustomed fee, observed, "You have tied me very tight;" upon which Dr. Ford ordered him to slacken the cord, which he did, but not without muttering, "Thank you, sir," said the Governor to the Doctor; "it is of little moment." He then observed to the attendant, who had brought in an immense iron shovel full of coals to throw on the fire, "Ay, in one hour that will be a blazing fire."

Into further painful details we need not enter. By the sentence, the body was ordered to be dissected; but it was merely opened, and then given to his relations, in return for which favour they paid £100 to a public hospital. One of the printed trials has a portrait of him prefixed, said to have been taken in the condemned cell—a most unfeeling proceeding, if it was really permitted.

A GLANCE AT THE INDUSTRIAL POSITION OF ENGLAND.

THIRD PAPER.

MACHINERY AND MANUFACTURES.

THE French may be regarded as the chief rivals of the English in these departments, and the only ones whose competition is likely to tell extensively

against them, at least for many years to come. In the use of the steam and tilt-hammer, and in the art of forging large masses of malleable iron, the French are on a level with ourselves, and their forgings are quite equal to the best of this country. It need not be expected, therefore, that they will fail in constructing the machinery they want for any kind of manufacture, whenever the demand arises for its production. Meanwhile, they have set us an example of the profitable use of iron for purposes of building. By the introduction of iron rods, joists and girders in the construction of their houses, they not only render them less liable to damage by fire, but build them of greater strength and durability with a less expenditure of material than we are compelled to use.

The stationary steam-engines in use in France are similar to our own, but a preference is arising for horizontal engines, which have been made latterly to consume but three pounds of coal per horse-power per hour. As to locomotive engines, those of English manufacture still maintain their superiority over all others; and the same remark will apply to engines for marine purposes.

Of the machinery for woven fabrics, that of England maintained in the Exhibition the honourable position to which it is entitled. Among the most remarkable was the complete series for the preparation, spinning, and weaving of cotton, exhibited by Messrs. Platt, of Oldham; those for the cotton and woollen series, by Messrs. Mann, of Rochdale; the flax hackling machine of Messrs. Coombe, of Belfast; and Messrs. Sykes and Mason's machines for wool. The French exhibited numerous hand-loom of a novel and ingenious construction, while the power-loom of the English, in constant activity, were no less remarkable. An interesting sight was a series of nine models, showing the origin and gradual development of the loom called the Jacquard, from which this curious fact for the history of invention resulted, viz., that Jacquard contributed very little to the loom which bears his name. His merit, indeed, was not that of an inventor, but of an intelligent workman, who, by combining the best parts of the machines of his predecessors, arranged one that was practically efficient. The French are making vigorous efforts to substitute paper for pasteboard in the use of the Jacquard loom, and there is no reason to doubt their ultimate success: the result of such success would be the application of the loom to shawl-work and the weaving of large and complex patterns.

For power-loom the English obtained the majority of rewards—only one by a French maker gaining a medal. A multitude of looms of various degrees of ingenuity were exhibited for the weaving of ribbons. Only one lace-frame was shown, but that was a magnificent specimen sent by the "Association des Tullistes" of St. Pierre les Calais. It was driven by steam, and wrought 46 pieces of rich lace simultaneously, and had 3360 bobbins and 216 bars, and was a most beautifully finished piece of mechanism. The fishing-net loom of the late M. Pecqueur, which is used not only in France but in Scotland, attracted much attention. But perhaps the most remarkable feature in this department was the increase of the sewing-machines since 1851. Thirty-five patents for these machines

were taken out in America in 1854; they are of various classes, determined by the kind of stitch they produce; the best of them have been patented here and on the continent, and are coming more and more into use. One firm alone in New York sells from forty to fifty machines per week. One of the best, because of the simplest construction, was that sent by Mr. Thomas, of London, which embodies his own improvements upon Howe's patent of 1846. Sewing-machines are largely employed in the hands of 1500 workers, for the making of military habiliments, by the French government.

Among the tools and constructive implements of the handicraftsman, those of English manufacture were not surpassed. At the head of these stood Mr. Whitworth's collection, the excellent character of which is too well known to need comment. A selection of tools, for cutting and turning wood, from Graffenstaden, near Strasbourg, were scarcely inferior; and a similar class of implements from Canada and the United States merit equal praise.

Of machines used in the preparation of timber, a large number were of American origin, with European improvements. Some of the most striking were the saw-mills of Mr. Norman, of Havre, whose vertical saw for cutting timber of any required form for shipbuilding was admirably fitted for its purpose. A greater novelty, however, was the belt, or endless saw, for cutting scrolls, squares, or circles of any possible curve: this machine was bought for the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. Another machine of some importance was one for cutting veneers on the principle of the common hand-plane, first steaming the block to be cut, to prevent its tearing.

Of the machinery used in mining operations, the most striking were the parachutes of M. Fontaine, of Auzin, which prevents the cradle falling down the shaft in case of the rope breaking; the apparatus for raising workmen from the bottom of the mine, by M. Waroqué, of Belgium; and the boring tools of M. Degorine, calculated to bore from 200 to 2000 feet.

Passing from the machinery of industry to its products, we commence with a glance at the woven fabrics. The consumption of linen by France is not less than 250,000,000 yards per annum, or seven yards for each person, and the gross value is estimated at £12,500,000, though it would cost 20 per cent. less in Ireland or Scotland. Prussia and Saxony exhibited linen which surpassed that of the British Isles, varying from the value of 3s. 4d. to 15s. a yard. In the linen they export, they counterfeit the Irish mark and paper ornaments used by the trade. Austria makes good linen; and Belgium is a formidable competitor, not only from the superiority of her wares, but from the fact that they are admitted into France at a much lower rate of duty than those of Britain.

In woollen goods, that is, goods made of wool only, the French have a decided superiority; while in those made of mixed wool and cotton, and which, by their superior cheapness, command the market, the Yorkshire manufactures stand unrivalled. The deputation from the Bradford Chamber of Commerce are of opinion that there

are no insuperable difficulties to prevent their competing with France in goods purely woollen, or of wool and silk; but such articles, being chiefly of a fancy kind, and therefore confined to a limited market, the policy of attempting such rivalry seems questionable.

In reference to the manufacture of woollen cloths, the Huddersfield deputation admit that we have not exercised the same amount of ingenuity and skill which have been shown by the cotton and worsted trades. The cloths of France, Belgium, Austria, Saxony, Switzerland, and other places, are now successfully competing with us in neutral markets, which until recently were wholly supplied from England. Foreign manufacturers are quite alive to the value of these markets, and are availing themselves of every improvement in their machinery to facilitate production. It is time, therefore, that Englishmen should abandon the mistaken idea of their own superiority, and put forth all their energies to meet the competition which will speedily confront them in all the markets of the world.

Of manufactures in cotton, the Reports, which are an authority, make little or no mention; the cotton itself, and the sources of supply being only considered. But few specimens were shown from the United States, the chief source of production. Samples were shown from Egypt, where, it appears, a trade is springing up in the oil expressed from cotton seed, the commerce in which is expected eventually to lower the cost of the staple. According to the opinion of Dr. Royle, there seems to be no prospect of success in the attempts to improve the character of Indian cotton, though he has hopes that the opening of the navigation of the Godavery may conduce eventually to furnishing us with a better article. Fair samples of cotton were sent from Moreton Bay in South Australia, where, however, its cultivation is much restricted by the law which prohibits the importation of coolies. Samples were also sent from Greece, from Mexico, and from the French colony in Algeria, where 9000 acres are under cultivation and every care is taken to improve the product.

Of all the manufactures of Great Britain, that of silk goods has been the most anomalous, and its fluctuations most serious and unaccountable. No branch of industry has been more subject to legislative interference, and herein may lie, perhaps, the secret of its vicissitudes and of the misery of its artisans. During late years, however, there has been a steadily increasing demand for British silks for exportation, the quantity exported in 1854 amounting in value to £1,507,160. On the other hand, the importation of foreign manufactured silks also increases, and rose in the same year to the aggregate value of £2,310,171; by which it would seem that it is easier for the Spitalfields weaver to satisfy the claims of a distant market than of that at home. The silk manufactures of France, which date 500 years back, are the most extensive in the western world. They employ 180,000 persons in weaving alone; much of the silk woven is grown in French soil, and the value of the annual produce of the looms is not less than £15,000,000. France exports silk to the value of seven or eight millions, though her

export is said to be retrograding. Austria employs 30,000 persons in the silk manufacture; Prussia about 55,000; Switzerland above 45,000, and the other southern countries of Europe, if they do not export, at least manufacture for their own markets.

Turning now to general manufactures, we may say a few words on the wares of Birmingham. These were but inadequately represented in the Paris Exhibition, owing, it is supposed, to the difference of the manufacturers, who were at the time in full work. The metal bedsteads of Birmingham were altogether wanting; the chandeliers and gas brackets sent were only of average merit, and were surpassed in taste by those of French makers, with the exception, however, of the chandelier from St. George's Hall, Liverpool, executed by the Messrs. Messenger. In the department of metal chasing, the French specimens stood first. Of stamped brass, or shell-work, some of the Birmingham samples were of excellent character. In the article of die-work, the French showed themselves far in advance of the Birmingham artificers. In articles of fancy metal work, such as matchboxes, inkstands, etc., the articles of Birmingham took the lead: and again, in their metal buttons they showed examples of unrivalled excellence, in which they were approached only by some Prussian makers. In commercial bronzes, the productions of Messrs. Elkington and Mason stood the comparison with the French specimens in point of workmanship, but wanted that perfection of finish and design which seems almost inherent in a French bronze. Those of Austria and Prussia were far inferior in merit to either the French or English specimens. The Britannia metal goods of Birmingham were equal to most other exhibitions of the same class. Birmingham sent no jewellery, and but very partially represented her undoubted superiority in the manufacture of steel pens, dress fastenings, and the thousand and one metallic trifles in the fabrication of which she is without a rival. In articles of papier maché, the workmanship and finish of the goods of Messrs. Jennens and Betteredge were clearly unapproached. Of fire-arms the contributions from Birmingham were very few, and the gun trade of England was practically ignored—a circumstance, it is feared, which may one day tell disastrously upon that part of her commerce, looking to the multitudinous display which was made by France and Belgium, and its possible effect upon the foreign market. Finally, in reference to Birmingham, we may say that, wherever the manufacturers took the trouble to show what they were doing, their work took a good position; and the deficiency was rather in the poverty of the representation than in want of real merit.

In the department of furniture, France must be placed at the head of the Exhibition. The works of Fourdinois, Barbedienne, Grotré, Menard and Fossey, and others, deserved this distinction—principally because the ornamental workmanship was of the highest character, for there was nothing strikingly original in design. The English furniture was next in importance, and was best represented by the works of Messrs. Jackson and Graham, Messrs. Holland and Son, Messrs. Trollope, and Mr. Crace. The furniture from

other countries was neither extensive nor of so good a character.

As regards the production of porcelain, pottery, etc., England at this epoch is stepping closely on the heels of France. In fact, it may be said that in everything save in the application of high art to the ornamentation of ceramic products, we have overtaken and in some cases outstripped our French rivals. The porcelain of Minton is beyond the Sèvres of the restoration, both in taste and in artistic treatment. Such imitations are better executed by our potters than in the Royal Manufactory; it is only in the painting of subjects decorating their works that great superiority is evident at Sèvres, and this is obtained at enormous cost. Again, in the fabrication of earthenware, the English potters distance the French entirely; they have moreover shown, since the Exhibition of 1851, that all that was formerly done by Palissy may be reproduced with equal or greater excellence in the Staffordshire workshops.

Of goldsmith's work, France and England were beyond measure the largest contributors. The finest specimen exhibited was the shield by M. Vechte, dedicated to Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton. This was sent by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, by whom it was exhibited in 1851 in an unfinished state. As a complete work, in 1855 it took rank as the masterpiece of modern times. Designed by a French artist and executed by a London house, it forms a magnificent monument of the arts of both countries. In the art of working in precious metals France still retains her superiority, but England has made the greatest advance within the last few years, and in respect to purity of taste may claim equality with her rival. Among the French works, the most conspicuous was a dinner service for the Emperor, designed and executed by Messrs. Cristofle, which was severe in taste and exquisitely modelled and finished. In jewellery for the toilette, the French goldsmiths maintained their ancient superiority, their work contrasting favourably, by its lightness and ease, with the ponderous substantiality of London wares.

We have arrived at the limits of this paper, and have only space to say, that in the manufacture of glass, England more than keeps the high position she has lately won, though too many of her manufacturers content themselves with casting huge plates of glass of bad or indifferent colour. Their defects are, however, redeemed by such houses as those of Chance, and Osler and Co., who are too well versed in the science of their profession to fall into such an error. In paper hangings the English, so far as true taste is concerned, seem to have surpassed the French, who have latterly fallen into the blunder of substituting pictorial for ornamental decoration upon the walls of their apartments. The same remark is applicable to French carpets, which, in defiance of all propriety, are woven into pictures of landscapes or sea-views, with skies and water, encircled with imitative carved frames—to be trodden under-foot! The carpet weavers and designers of England have exploded all such blunders long ago, and, in adopting a less pretentious and more quiet style, are free to study those graces of form and subdued harmonies of colour upon which the eye may rest with pleasure and without distraction.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"THIRTY years ago, sir, I was in command of one of the finest ships then belonging to the East India Company. She was a regular trader to China; and a voyage to the distant port of Canton and back again in sixteen months or a year and a half, was a feat that gained for us China captains the applause of one half the merchants upon 'Change, and the disgust and jealousy of the other half. Things were very different then to what they have now become. When the captain of a ship once sailed from the London Docks on a distant voyage like that, he took out with him his final instructions how to act, where to proceed, what cargo to load, and what house to be consigned to; while in very many matters he was left to act as his own good sense and judgment dictated, according to emergencies. There was then no looking out for a batch of letters, lying waiting, it may be, a month or two before his arrival, in the post-office at Canton or in the hands of your consignee; no getting out there in four months, and even less, as these clippers do now-a-days; no recent newspapers, with latest intelligence to look forward to; and all this because there were, so to speak, no steamers, no railways, and no telegraphs, and the overland route to India was yet a mere dream, which some madcaps presumed practicable and feasible, but which old stagers used to shake their heads and laugh at.

"Ah! sir," continued our friend the Captain, "those were the days for freight and passage-money! Three hundred pagodas for a single cabin passage from Madras to Cape Town, and even then it was thought a favour. Why, sir, we were all and everything then. We were postmen, who took out the only means of communication between fond hearts separated for years; and, let me tell you, that newspapers and letters only six months old were a perfect novelty in India in those days. How they used then to feast us captains and load us with civilities! How many sons and daughters we brought home to be educated, and took out again grown up into fine handsome lads and buxom lasses! How many grandchildren and great grandchildren have trodden the decks of the same vessels; for members of successive generations were not infrequently given into the charge of the same bluff and tough old mariner, who, exposed to every tempest and change of clime, often outlived whole families exposed to the pernicious climate of India, and who looked upon hundreds of individuals, scattered over the vast continent of Hindostan, as fondly as though they were part and parcel of himself—almost like his own offspring.

"Old General Scratchfire," continued the old tar, "came home with me, sir, a child, four years old, when I was fourth mate of the 'Grampus.' I took him out again a cadet; I brought his sons and daughters to England; I took them out again, and they all scattered and married—so that I brought home some score or two of their children. Why, sir, when Scratchfire gets the Indian mails, he regularly sends for me, and we two dip into the letters together, to learn how Tom and Ned, and Polly and Fanny are getting on; for I take as much interest in their welfare as he does.

Well, well, those days are all gone by now; and, as I was a-telling you before, when we once sailed from London, we seldom hoped to hear anything of our friends before we came back to England again, and this was seldom accomplished under eighteen months. Sometimes vessels used to anchor alongside of us at Macao or Canton, which had left London a week, or, may be, a fortnight after ourselves. Later news than we received by these, we rarely received. Under these circumstances, it may be readily conceived that when we did get home, we used to enjoy our spell ashore amazingly. Every comfort of home seemed more precious and delightful, because it was so brief and fleeting; but then, the last week before leaving wife and children and sisters and mothers again—oh! that was a terrible, trying season, but tremendously busy withal; so that at the very moment when we wished to see most of each other, I had barely a moment to spare for the pleasant society of affectionate relatives.

"When at home, cousins and friends poured in by the dozen—all sincere enough, I dare say, in their good wishes and expressions, but sadly deficient in proper consideration. However, all these friends were clamorous to have me fetch them something or other from the fabulous realms of eastern story. One wanted a feather fan; another, a crape shawl; a third, an ivory card-case; a fourth, some toys; a fifth, Chinese puzzles; a sixth, a set of chessmen; and so on to the end of the chapter of wants. Now, each separate article required would cost me in China barely less than ten shillings; so that when I came to add together some fifty or sixty names, with sometimes four or five separate articles for each individual, the aggregate to be expended in commissions amounted to a very considerable sum. At that period, however, we ship captains were making very fair fortunes; and I believe our friends thought that we were stuffed and lined with gold. So I usually brought all they asked me to bring. Some were honest enough to pay me; others, I suppose, were ashamed to trouble me about my small account; and I am sorry to say that the greater number were of this latter class.

"Well, sir, my family at length began to grow up, and expenses augmented just as steamers and other modern innovations began to get in vogue. Freights fell to one quarter their former value, and captains' wages were accordingly reduced. Commerce had no more the same advantages; and, in addition to all this, old age was rapidly throwing his shadow around me. The fact is, the fabulous pagoda tree of India was in the autumn of its fame. There had been too many travellers and adventurers rifling it of its fruit, and I began to think that it was a duty I owed to myself and my family to be more careful for the future—to provide against the day when infirmities should lay me upon the shelf. I felt the force of the old saw, that I ought to be just before I was generous. I had to see that all those light little crafts, my daughters, were fairly launched into the world, with some substantial ballast, just to give them the least possible lift to windward.

"I was for some time at a loss how best to hint to my troublesome friends the expediency of

their accompanying any commissions given with an adequate cheque, to cover the expenses. At last I hit upon a plan, the most delicate I could conceive—one that would never wound their feelings, while at the same time it threw out an unmistakable hint. I bethought me, just as we were sailing through the mouth of the Boccha Tigris, of the several slips of paper containing the written commissions given me by my acquaintances; for I always made them write down what they wanted, and sign the paper. Well, sir, I took out a pile of these, and assorted them. Those amongst them that had been paid beforehand, I arranged before me on the skylight, placing a dollar upon each slip of paper, to certify that these had been prepaid; the others I piled by themselves; but these having no weight upon them, it is not very wonderful that the first gust of wind should have blown them all overboard, and left only the paid commissions. These latter were all duly executed; and when I returned home I related to all my disappointed friends the circumstances under which their paper commissions had been lost. They uttered no word of complaint, sir, but, pricked by their consciences, slunk away, looking very sheepish. They learnt the lesson, however, which I was anxious to teach them; for afterwards, whenever they wanted me to fetch them anything from China, they used to come in and tell me that they had taken the liberty of inclosing such and such a trifle, to meet the possible expense incurred in procuring them some specified article. Now this is what I call ship-shape and Bristol fashion. My friends never afterwards had occasion to complain of my not remembering their commissions. And I'll tell you what it is, sir"—and here the Captain laid hold of me earnestly by the buttonhole—"I'll tell you what it is, every man ought to put proofs of his sincerity and truthfulness into every word and action of his life, or else they are in danger of becoming as little worth as the unpaid commissions of my selfish friends."

Such was the old seaman's story; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the reader will not forget its obvious moral. We would merely add, that it would have been only fair to have given his friends warning of his intention.

"A FOUNTAIN SET OPEN FOR SIN AND UNCLEanness."—Here, in my opinion, lies the greatest secret of practical godliness, and the highest attainment in close walking with God, to come daily and wash, and yet to keep as great a value for this discovery of forgiveness as if it were only once to be obtained and no more.—*Halyburton.*

A FEARFUL CONFESSION.—An old lady was recently asked why she never read the Bible. "Because," said she, "I do not love to read it. I was not taught to love it when young, and now I am an old sinner, and there is nothing pleasant to me in the Bible."

VAIN EXPECTATIONS.—If you should see a man digging in a snow-drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds on the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles?